It was Voltaire who said:
"People whose bowels are freed by an easy, regular movement every morning are mild, affable, gracious, kind. A 'No' from their mouth comes with more grace than a 'Yes' from the mouth of one who is con stipated."

Such is Voltaire's testimonial to the value of Ayer's Pills.

J. C. AYER COMPANY,
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Pills	Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Ague Cure	Ayer's Comatone

It is said that no fewer than 250,000 books for the blind are borrowed annually from the free libraries in this country.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some people frequently drink tea as a remedy for headache. The habit should be practiced with caution, as an eminent physician states that the tannic acid in the tea causes rheumatism.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Autumn maneuvers of the German army will be attended this year for the first time by a representative of the French army.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

Japanese workmen bathe the whole body once a day, and some of them twice. Public baths are provided in every street.

Carter's Ink is just as cheap as poor ink and is the best ink made. Always use Carter's.

There are in the United States 30 Berlins, 21 Hamburgs, 23 towns bearing the name Paris and 13 London.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Coal brings the highest price in South Africa and the lowest in China.

Frey's Vermifuge

Has been curing children of worms for 60 yrs. 25 cents. At Druggists and country stores.

The census of White Plains, N. Y., shows more dogs than people.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs; but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

The English tobacco trade employs to-day 121 women to every 100 men.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The profit on England's postal service amounts to about $20,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

California stands fifth among the States as an oil-producer.

Patriotism in Times of Peace.

A college education as we see it to-day is not enough to insure a good citizen. Something more is required. This something is unselfish patriotism. But cannot this be made one of the results of education? Certainly it should be. If the State educates men it should educate them loyally to conserve her own interests. The movements to teach patriotism in our common schools is a good one. Care must be taken, however, that the right sort of patriotism be taught. The young American must not come to believe that patriotism consists solely in the risking of life to repel invaders. He must be taught that it consists no less in guarding the interests of the State in time of peace.—Saturday Evening Post.

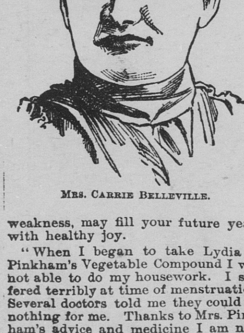
New York City has a number of tropical plantations, growing within the limits of the city. In both Central and Riverside parks there have been cultivated during the summer a large number of cotton, tobacco and other plants.

To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of



MRS. CARRIE BELLEVILLE.

weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—MRS. CARRIE BELLEVILLE, Ludington, Mich.

Miss Canary's Legacy.

BY F. L. BACON.

The wind was blowing in high and from the sea. It always sounded with that peculiar wail when it came sweeping over the foam-touched waves as they lashed up against the beach. It was very strong tonight, and there was a dash of sleet with it. Miss Canary had drawn her striped shawl closer about her shoulders and stirred the fire into a brighter glow.

She was a thin, angular woman, of 60 or more. Her face was hard with many lines of care. She had not taken life easily; though, living alone in the little cottage, her simple, uneventful life had had seemingly few grievances. Miss Canary tended her flowers, kept her house in order, and owed no one. What cause had she then to worry? Tonight she held in her hand a letter, and more than once settled her spectacles to re-read it. Joel Canary, her only brother, was at the point of death. How she had loved him! It seemed, tonight, that she could see him so plainly—a little lad, when she was already a woman grown, running to her for everything, his sunny curls tossing brightly over his white forehead; could see again his laughing eyes.

She had loved him with all the strength of her heart. But she had not forgiven him for loving and marrying as he had done. She had opposed it from the beginning. A pink and white doll face, that was all! It had been a grim satisfaction, when the news came that the foolish little woman had run away from home to join some opera company, deserting child and husband.

That was what the story had been. She had not cared to investigate it further. It was nearly five years ago, and she had not forgiven Joel. He had but met his deserts, she had said sternly. Now he was dying. He had not prospered, the letter said, and there was nothing to leave, "nothing save the little lad—Joel." And the writer begged in her brother's name, that she, his only sister and kinswoman, would care for the child. She, Eliza Canary, who had no dealings with children, who dreaded their approach as some unknown species of untamed animal! She had suddenly the care and responsibility of one thrust upon her!

Her untasted tea stood on the little round table. Mousey, the big Maltese, rubbed herself against her mistress' dress, vainly desiring notice. Miss Canary had indeed forgotten that she had no tea, and that Mousey's saucer of milk had not been poured. She sighed heavily and folded up the letter.

"It's got to be, I s'pose," she said. Much living alone had given Miss Canary the habit of talking to herself. "I s'pose I know my duty; the Lord's always made it plain enough for me, whatever folks may say 'bout not knowing what the Almighty wants 'em to do. That's just shiftin' the responsibility, I'm thinking. Joel's child! I—I almost wish I'd seem him afore he went; but I told him I'd never speak to him again if he married that girl, an' I never broke my word yet, an' never intend to—but oh, I wish to mercy the child hadn't never come! How ever I'm to keer for it, I don't know. There'll be dirt over everything—my carpets an' clean floors; an' noise like the Fourth of July all the year round. An' he'll be certain to tease Mousey."

This last was evoked by the fact that Mousey had put up her paw and was gently patting Miss Canary's lap. The old woman rose mechanically, and, with hands that trembled a little, poured the milk. The wind outside blew the curtains at the windows. It sounded like a voice of distress afar off.

"I never knowed the wind to blow that way and bring anybody luck," said Miss Canary; "an' it sure has brought my share of trouble," she added with a groan.

For the next few days Miss Canary held herself and home in readiness for her new charge. She had repaired a little white bed in a small but spotlessly clean room. She carefully laid pieces of drugget by its sides for the bare feet. She baked an overwhelming number of pies, and even made doughnuts. She had not made any for so long that they were rather a failure. "But boys' stomicks can stan' most anything," she said, "an' Joel used to love 'em so."

When finally the boy arrived, having come in charge of a comparative stranger traveling in the same direction, Miss Canary was not prepared for him. She was in the back yard hanging out her modest array of washing, when the vehicle stopped, and a tiny—such a tiny—little figure was lifted out, and then the driver whipped up his horse and was off, leaving what looked like a bundle of rags at the gate.

Miss Canary's hands were wet, she wiped them hastily upon her apron as she hurried forward. Two grave blue eyes—Joel's had been blue—met hers. But what a baby! Surely she need not fear dirty carpet and general destructiveness from such a child as this. She gathered the little bundle of clothes, as she called it, into her arms and carried it swiftly in from the keen east wind.

The child was indeed very small for for his age of nearly six years. As he sat eating thick slices of bread and butter and drinking rich, sweet milk, the like of which had never before been his share, Miss Carney looked at him in a sort of stupefied amazement. To speak to him, to expect a reasonable reply, did not occur to her. He continued to cut bread and butter as his requirements seemed to call for it, and with great satisfaction she watched the mouthfuls disappear. When Joel had finished he got down from the tall chair very gravely, and came to her, folding his little hands together.

"I fink I'll say my prayers now, Aunty 'Liza."

"Mercy, child!" gasped Miss Canary, completely overcome by this familiarity and the startling announcement. "Who told you to call me that?"

"Papa; he tol' me how you loved little boys, an' how you were goin' to buy me a rock'n' horse an' a sailboat, an' a canary bird an' white mice; an' now, Aunty 'Liza, I'll say my prayers."

"But it isn't time; it's not night yet."

"Oh, that's noffin," responded Joel, cheerfully. "Papa always let me say 'em in the daytime—God'll hear."

Miss Canary was mute while the little face buried itself in her apron, and a smothered voice gabbled over,—"Now I lay me," and added, "P'ease b'ess mamma, papa, Aunty 'Liza, an' little Joe." Then the tightly closed lips relaxed and Joel sprang to his feet. "Now let's play horse, Aunty 'Liza!"

So the days went on, and Miss Canary's charge thrived and grew like the pink and white hollyhocks planted against the kitchen wall. But things did not go exactly as she had expected. For instance, the very first night Joel had flatly refused to occupy the little white bed arranged with so much care.

"I allus slept with papa," he pleaded; and Miss Eliza found nothing to do but let him crawl into bed with her, where he slept soundly and his head resting constantly against her arm. She found herself counting over her scanty hoard, to see what might be spared for a rocking horse. She would compromise upon that; the sailboat would keep her in endless terror, and how could she insult Mousey by installing white mice and a bird in her domain?

Joel was very happy. As the spring advanced he spent hours down on the beach collecting treasures hitherto unknown to him. Miss Canary was silent when he showered jellyfish and "fiddlers" on her parlor floor. Nay, she even permitted the building of a "pond" for his "fam'ly," as Joel called them, in the corner of her sitting room—a pond formed of a dish pan surrounded by bits of stick, rocks, and sand. She used to pause every now and then in her baking or cleaning, to go to the front window and look for him on the beach.

"I have to do my duty by the child," she said, apologetically.

So time passed on, and Joel had been an inmate of the little cottage nearly two years. It was a day bright with the May sunshine, and Miss Canary had set herself to work at cleaning the cellar. "The brighter the day the better to see the cobweds," she said, as she tied up her head and drew on a pair of cotton gloves.

Joel was playing. He had put prepared glue on Mousey and his own hair was sticky with it. Miss Canary did not know that.

Suddenly she heard his voice calling her name excitedly. What was the matter? She scrambled up the steps, not waiting to remove her gloves. She hastened to the front of the house and flung open the door, drawing back in horrified amazement.

Just outside, bending over the child, the long plumes of her hat mingling with his curls, was the slender, almost girlish figure of a young woman. The rich silk of her gown glistened in the sunlight; there were bright colors in her hat, and the soft hair under it shone like gold. Joel's arms were round her neck, and he turned, saying with an air of pride,—

"Aunty 'Liza, this is my mamma; I'se been 'spect'n' her so long, oh, ever so long, 'cause papa said she'd come."

Joel's mother unfastened his arms, but still clasping the child, turned her pretty, half-defiant face to Miss Canary.

"You are surprised to see me," she said, looking gravely at the other's bewildered face. "I have known my child was with you. I owe you a great deal. I was with my husband when he died, but I could not take Joel then. I came up from Boston this morning to get him. You will no doubt feel glad to be relieved of him; you are unused to children; Joel must be a trial to you."

Miss Carney was still silent. She felt as though a sudden paralysis had seized her. She tried to speak, but the words choked her. She put out her hands as though to ward off a blow.

"My position has not justified my taking the child before," continued Joel's wife. "Now I have an assured one which will enable me to amply care for him. Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, smothering him with kisses, "how I have hungered for you!"

Miss Canary's grim face did not relax.

"Then why did you desert him?" trembled on her lips. Words of passionate reproach, of hate, of anger, arose within her. Still she stood silent, the wind blowing the skirt of her flimsy dress and the straggling locks of her gray hair. With it all came her stern sense of justice. This was the boy's mother, who had the right to him; how dare she question it? But she made one last desperate effort.

"Joel," she said, and her voice trembled and shook, "would you rather go with this lady, or stay with me an'—an' all your things?" She clung to the last inducement as to a straw of hope.

The child looked at her with his grave, questioning eyes, and, not loosening his hold on his mother, put out a hand to her.

"I loves you an' my fam'ly very much, Aunty 'Liza; but you see, this is my mamma—my truly mamma; I couldn't help goin with her."

Mrs. Canary showered kisses upon him, and Miss Eliza turned away with a sickening sense of defeat and misery at her heart.

"I'll go pack up his things," she said.

The waves were rolling inward, and the wind was blowing high and from the sea. The air was full of its wail, as she stood and watched them as they went.

She went about like one upon whom some heavy blow had fallen. The people missed her from the church. They missed her active figure in the village, and on the sands. She performed her duties mechanically. It seemed to her she had grown so old. How empty the bed seemed! How doubly empty the room! The "pond" was undisturbed. A jellyfish sprawled on the floor beside it. Miss Canary did not remove it. To herself she dealt her words sternly.

"It's retribution. I wouldn't forgive Joel; I vowed I never would an' now the Lord's punishing me."

At the end of the third month, the moon, looking down, one night might have smiled to see Miss Canary stepping cautiously out of her front door. She was not wont to venture out at night, and felt a certain sense of awe and looked around half fearfully. She locked the door and put the key in the little worn satchel she carried. Every window blind was drawn at front and back. Without doubt, Miss Canary was going away, but there was only the sea and the wind to know it.

It was quite early the next morning that she found herself in Boston and at the door of the house to which, after much inquiry, she had been directed. A neat maid admitted her, and with shaking limbs and trembling lips she sat stiffly on the high carved chair in the hall. She was conscious that she was squeezing a jellyfish or two, which she had put in her pocket, but she felt incapable of moving.

There was the soft rustle of a woman's skirts, and then a graceful figure in a pretty morning gown came leisurely towards her.

"The servant told me," she began—then stopping short, "why—why if it isn't Miss Canary—Sister 'Liza, I mean—why how do you do?"

She held out both hands, but Miss Canary rose up solemnly.

"Wait er minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. I didn't forgive Joel fur marry'n you; I said I wouldn't, an' I didn't, an' so the Lord punished me by lettin' me have Joel's child, an' then, when I mos' depended on it, taking him away. Joel's dead, an' I can't tell him, but mebby his sperit 'ill know of it, if you forgive me, an' lemme live here—jus' as—as er housekeeper—or somethin'. My salt riz bread is good, an' jus' lemme—lemme see the child." She broke down sobbing, her withered hands covering her face.

"Joel, Joel," called his mother softly.

There was a patter of little feet, a sound upon the stairs, a glad cry, and a curly head rested upon Miss Canary's breast; her tears fell upon it.

"It wasn't altogether as you thought," Mrs. Canary said, as she poured hot, fragrant coffee for Miss Eliza, while Joel smoothed and patted his flabby and flattened fish. "I didn't desert Joel—" her eyes filled with tears—"we couldn't make ends meet, and I—I had talent and could sing; he was willing I should go, and when he died, we both wanted you to have the child until I could take him. I didn't mention that when I wrote, because—well, because we were not friends then, and felt you would not understand. And now I have a place assured me in a large church here, and I do not have to be away from home. Joel, tell Aunty 'Liza she's never to go away any more—except in the summer, when we'll all go to her home and spend it there on the beach, with all the jellies and the nettles—and—what else?"

"An' my fam'ly," said Joel.—Good Housekeeping.

WHY AMERICANS WIN.

A Cheap Product Does Not Always Mean Low Pay.

"We scarcely ever patent anything nowadays," said the representative of a big house which makes wood-working machinery of all kinds. "A patent is simply a licence to litigate, and it generally costs more to prosecute an infringer than the thing is worth either in damages or as an example to others. What we really look to for protection is the superior skill and celerity of the American mechanic. As a nation we have made such rapid progress in machinery during the past few years that no foreign manufacturer can possibly keep up with us. That is not brag or bluster or spread-eagle hyperbole, but a cold, plain statement of fact. While the English or French or German maker is plodding away on an imitation of one of our machines the model has become obsolete and we have replaced it with something better. They steal our ideas, all right enough, but they can't steal them fast enough to stay abreast of the procession. I was in Manchester, England, last year, and went, by invitation, through a big manufactory of agricultural implements. In one department I was a little surprised to see a lot of workmen engaged on plows of a well-known American pattern. 'Isn't that the same as So-and-So's plow?' I asked my guide, who was a member of the firm. 'Well, yes, substantially the same,' he said looking a little confused, 'but, you see, there are no English patents, and we haven't any intention of putting it on the American market.' 'Well, I should say not!' I exclaimed; 'and you couldn't sell any of them if you did! That model was discarded months ago and an improved form has altogether taken its place.' The case is simply one out of dozens. Another important point is this: Our improved shop tools, our scientific methods of handling material and the ingenious manner in which we utilize what are called by-products, so as to minimize waste, are enabling us to turn out machinery as cheaply as the foreigners, in spite of the fact that we pay nearly double their wages. From present indications that gratifying state of affairs seems likely to continue, and it does away with the bugaboo of foreign cheap labor, which has heretofore menaced the business. It proves that a cheap product doesn't necessarily mean low pay."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An ingenious mechanical device pastes paper labels on 100,000 cans in 10 hours. Down a shoot rolls a ceaseless procession of cans, and each one picks up a label as it passes.

The ostrich has long been laughed at for pushing his head into a bush when hunted. It is really far the wisest thing the bird could do, for its long neck is by far the most easily seen part of it. Its body plumage harmonizes perfectly with the desert sand.

A citizen of Lewiston, Me., has a watch chain made of nine peach stones. Each of the stones has a different device carved on each side, so that there are 18 designs. The stones are joined with bars of gold, the whole making a rich and novel chain.

It is not often that one pair of shoes will do two men, but in Middlesboro, Ky., they are two men who wear the same size shoe, and make it a point to buy together, and only have to get one pair. By this method they are able to get their footwear at half price, as they divide the cost.

In Tasmania are large forests of the Australian beech, a tree which sometimes measures 30 feet or more in circumference at the base of the trunk. The wood is employed for purposes similar to those served by the beech woods of northern forests, but it is harder and heavier, polishes easily, and is very lasting if not exposed to the weather.

Falcon island, in the Pacific ocean, which originally emerged from the sea after the eruption of a submarine volcano near Truga, and remained above the surface for precisely 13 years before vanishing two years ago, is reported by the British crusier Porpoise to be reappearing and to be a serious menace to navigation. It was nine feet out of the water a few months ago and may be a mountain now, for all anybody knows.

A newsboy at Earl Park, Ind., has been made insane by a practical joke of companions, who gave him a shock by a pretended hanging.

LOVE.

And what is love? It is a thrill
That percolates throughout your breast
And sweetly tickles you until
You're in a state of wild unrest!
It is an effervescing sense
Of sparkling rapture; sort of fizz
Of heavenly nectar so intense
It makes you drunk with bliss! It is
A sweet phantasmagorian dream
That comes upon you while awake
And monkeys with you till you seem
With pent-up bliss to fairly ache!
And that is love; at least that be
The way it always works on me!
—Denver Evening Times.

HUMOROUS.

Sprigs—What is your son bent on, Wilks? Wilks—A bicycle, most of the time.

Blobbs—Skinnum is always moving. How long do you suppose he will stay in our neighborhood? Slobs—Just as long as his credit lasts, I suppose.

A little girl having heard one lady observe to another that she was wearing half mourning for a distant relative asked: "Is your relative only half dead?"

"What is a queen, Willie?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of a small pupil. "A queen," answered Willie, "is a woman that rules a man that rules a country."

Stubb—You say he is very sensitive about being called awkward? Penn—Yes; when he accidentally gashed himself with a razor he tried to make people believe he had attempted suicide.

Tommy—Pop, what is repartee? Tommy's Pop—Repartee with most people, my son, consists of thinking, after it's all over, what they might have said if they had only thought of it in time.

Muggins—Since your brother Bjones married old Millyun's daughter he hasn't done a stroke of work. Buggins—He says he had to work hard enough to get her to last him for the rest of his life.

"It is rumored," said the gossip, "that the engagement is announced of a Mr. Patrick Cassidy to the wealthy Mrs. Blublud. Is that really so?" "Yes," replied the man who knows; "Mr. Cassidy has been engaged as coachman."

"The so-called 'American lion,'" said the professor of natural history, "is merely the puma, but that is not the King of Beasts. Where is the latter to be found?" "In Africa," replied the bright scholar. "Correct. And it is called?" "The British lion."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the wealthy housekeeper, arranging for her day's marketing; "I find it so hard to get up a dinner." "Really," remarked her bachelor brother, who had just returned from the Paris Exposition, "you should try an ocean voyage."

After two solid hours of moonlight and uninterruption she thought she had him. "I admit that you are the sweetest—" "Yes, go on," she whispered. "But the doctor has forbidden me sweets," he added. And the sensitive moon retired behind a cloud.

NICETIES OF FOOTBALL.

Why It Deserves to Rank as the Most Scientific Intercollegiate Game.

"Football, to the mind, is by all odds the most scientific of any of the intercollegiate games and the best," says an expert. "Men of almost every weight can play it, that is to say, from 140 pounds up. Few people realize it, but every play is worked out on paper previous to being tried. In the larger colleges, where 30 or 40 men may be trying for the team, the various plays are taught to them on a blackboard. The gridiron is first laid out, and then the oposing teams are set down. Then a play is shown, and the instructor demonstrates the position each man is to occupy and what he is expected to do when that particular player's signal is given. Each play is in turn shown to the squad, and they must learn them all. As there are usually 30 to 40 different signals, it is quite a feat to keep them in mind. A young friend of mine, who was a 'sub' last season, but who hopes for better things this year, told me he had to play over the signals every night and morning on a checker board. He had pasted pieces of paper on the checkers to designate what they were. It is a very good scheme that. The signals are usually given by the captain, but they may be given some one else if it seems best. Usually the quarterback, if he is cool headed and not likely to rattle, is the best man. From his position he sees better than any one else on a team and is better able pick out the weak spots in the opposing team's defence. As a usual thing football elevens depend on certain standard and recognized plays, although they are always trying to invent ground gaining tricks to spring on their opponents. The only trouble with trick plays is that they are generally good only once and cannot be repeated. One of the modern developments is the open game, that is, kicking the ball out of danger. A good fullback is worth any other two or even three men on the team when it comes to this game. A fullback who can kick with either foot is worth his weight in gold; for when he is attacked on one side he can use the other. All in all, it is a wonderfully interesting sport and I am eager for the season for it to begin again."—New York Tribune.

Largest Dog in the World.

In the town of Rutland, Vt., lives Nero a huge German and English mastiff, which enjoys the distinction of probably being the largest dog in the world.

Nero is owned by Judge Wayne Bailey of Rutland. From tip to tip Nero measures seven feet four inches, and he tips the scales at 285 pounds.

He stands nearly three feet in height, and he measures round his girth 52 inches. The circumference of his brass collar is 32 inches, and his foreleg measures 16½ inches.

Nero is very fond of the fair sex, and is a special favorite with the ladies and children.

Nero's daily rations consist of a big pan of corncake and milk. This is his only meal, and, strange to say, for so large a dog he has a light appetite.

Too Much Sail.

A somewhat cantankerous old farmer who lived in a small village in Shropshire, took to himself a young wife. After the union, however, the parties did not seem to agree as well as might have been expected. One day after an altercation, in which the wife had the worst of it, the vicar of the parish, happening to meet the old man, rebuked him for his harshness, reminding him that the wife was "the weaker vessel."

"Well, sir," was the dogged rejoinder, "if she be the weaker vessel she didn't ought ter carry so much sail."—London Spare Moments.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

Will Develop Rich Coal Lands in Blair and Cambria Counties—New Electric Line for Uniontown.

ADD PA

Pensions have been granted the following persons: Christopher Hutzen, Duquesne, $12; Joseph P. North, Punxsutawney, $10; Frederick Byers, Turtle Creek, $8; David Craft, Philipsburg, $10; Marsellus Noss, Coraopolis, $8; George Keyes, Pleasantville, $8; Harvey Coburn, dead, Uniontown, $17; William J. Jamison, Chicora, $12; William Harper, Bellefonte, $12; Christian Lowry, Bellefonte, $8; Joel Pancoast, Elizabeth, $8; William Bice, Mount Union, $8; Susan Coburn, Uniontown, $8; John Q. A. Wageley, Wilkinsburg, $6; Thomas E. Barnes, McKeesport, $6; Nelson T. Hicks, Blairsville, $10.

Five missionaries left Mercer county Tuesday for foreign fields. Miss Mary Williams and Mrs. W. J. Brandon will go to the famine-stricken districts of India, Miss Lucy Powell will work among the Japanese, while Mr. and Mrs. Coventry, who were married a few weeks ago, will go to Egypt. All are graduates of Grove City college.

A mortgage for $400,000 in favor of the Land Title and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, and against the Clearfield Coal and Coke Company, of the same city, has been recorded. The mortgage covers 6,532 acres of the richest coal lands in Blair and Cambria counties, and also the entire town of Frugality, which is owned by the corporation. The lands will be greatly developed and many coke ovens will be constructed by the Philadelphia capitalists who control the company.

The machinery to be used in the construction of a stretch of sample road in North Strabane township, Washington county, has arrived. For nearly a month ten jail prisoners have been quarrying stone for road making purposes. T. H. Musson, an expert road builder, has been on the ground for several days. There is enough material now ready to build about one-half mile of macadamized road.

While workmen were engaged in grading on Pleasant street, Rochester, a chain about 12 feet long was dug up fully 10 feet from the original surface at that place. A few days ago a petrified head of some huge animal like an elephant was exhumed near where the chain was found.

Mrs. Cynthia Hawkins, widow of the commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment in the war with Spain, whose husband died while the regiment was en route home from the Philippines, has been granted a pension of $30 a month, the regular rate for the widows of colonels.

The Tennis Construction Company of Philadelphia, has been awarded the contract for building the new electric road of the Uniontown & Monongahela Valley Railroad Company. The tracks will extend through the new Masontown coke fields, making from 16 to 20 miles of track.

Mrs. George Speer, of Franklin, aged 38, a widow, committed suicide by shooting herself twice above the heart with a revolver. No cause is assigned for her act, and after the fatal shots had been fired her nerve evidently failed her, for she begged people to save her life.

A deal has been concluded for one of the largest tracts of timber land ever sold in Westmoreland county. Judge A. V. Parker, of Cambria county, purchased 1,951 acres in St. Clair township, for $25,000. The price is regarded as very high, as the land had been assessed at $1 per acre.

The New Castle Electric Co. has secured a preliminary injunction against the city, restraining it from contracting with the Citizens' Light, Heat & Power Co. to light the streets. Collusion between the latter company and councils is alleged.

Postoffice officials are investigating the mysterious theft from the New Castle office of $1,000 worth of revenue stamps from the box of the Standard Brewing Company. The stamps were in a package, which was placed in the box late at night.

Attorney John A. Emery, one of the best known members of the Allegheny county bar, was instantly killed at the Ft. Wayne Railway station near his home at Sewickley at 8:07 Tuesday morning, while on his way to his office in Pittsburg.

Andrew Carnegie has presented the Parnassus United Presbyterian congregation a handsome pipe organ for use in the new church. The instrument will be installed within the next few weeks.

In North mountain, near Roxbury, Lee Hull, a farmer, aged 25 years, was mistaken for a wild turkey by Wilson Spoonhour and shot dead. Spoonhour gave himself up to the authorities.

Edward Matthews, a New Castle tin plate worker, was given knockout drops by a stranger and narrowly escaped death.

Jeannette P. Dunmire, of Altoona, committed suicide at Kittanning by taking carbolic acid. The girl was about 21 years old, and had only been there for a few days, being employed as a waitress in the Nulton house.

The Pittsburg and Buffalo Coal Company, which began operations in Canonsburg, Washington county, has reached coal in a slope just completed and will erect a tipple at once.

Judge Miller, of Mercersburg, has ordered Sharon justices not to send short term prisoners to the county jail. He says they should be made to work on Sharon streets.

Angus Tibbs, known as "Eatabite," who spends most of his time in jail, escaped from jail at Uniontown recently, and is still at large. He is a negro, about 30 years old.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The foot and mouth disease has broken out in the Berlin abattoirs.

President Diaz has appointed Rafael Rebollar attorney general of Mexico.

The congress of Ecuador has arranged to pay the entire foreign debt.

The complete suppression of the revolution in Santo Domingo is officially announced.

Honolulu has contributed $3,300 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers at Galveston.

From present indications at Washington the cost of the present census will be $15,000,000.

Lord Curzon says 500,000 deaths in India have been due to the famine, but relief is in sight.

The Germans have demanded and obtained of the Russian the railway from Tien Tsin to Pekin.

The Berlin Municipal Council has appointed a commission to investigate the scarcity of dwellings in Berlin.

The State of Colorado and the cattle-owners, working together, are offering $37.50 for every coyote scalp presented.

The bureau of engraving and printing has devised a scheme to prevent the use of revenue stamps a second time.

Denver, Col., is to have a new reservoir about fifty miles away. The dam is to be 220 feet high and will cost $700,000.

There has just been started at Steubenville, Ohio, the first American manufactory of glass marbles, which have hitherto been imported from Germany.

Signor Marconi has invented a means of insuring the privacy of wireless telegrams by a system of "tuning" the transmitting and receiving instruments together.

Merchants of New York city protested against delay in transmission of mails between French ports of delivery and Paris, and Washington made representations to France.

HOW WEAK CHILDREN ARE MADE STRONG, VIGOROUS AND WELL

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hallows, of Peckham St., Globe Village, Fall River, Mass., have cause to thank Dr. Greene's Nervura for restoring to health, and probably preserving the life of their little son. Almost from infancy Everett Hallows was troubled with indigestion and nervous troubles, and nothing seemed to help him. Finally Dr. Greene's Nervura was recommended and tried with success. A few bottles were sufficient to effect a cure, and to-day the little one is enjoying the best of health. By the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura the sickly child was transformed into a happy, hearty, robust boy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura | ***for the Blood and Nerves***

Thousands of other children can thank Dr. Greene and his wonderful remedy for the strength and health they enjoy. Children to whom it is given have less sickness, better health, better growth, and longer and more vigorous lives. Parents should realize that it is their duty to give it to every child who is not in perfect health. There are no diseases more dreaded by parents than fits, epilepsy, and St. Vitus' dance. Yet no child would be troubled by them if Dr. Greene's Nervura were given when the first symptoms appear.

Charles L. McBay, a highly esteemed police officer, who resides at 14 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass., says:

"About two years ago my little daughter became run down in health and suffered from St. Vitus' dance. Soon after she was prostrated by rheumatism, which severely affected her low limbs.

"After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, she began taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and experienced immediate benefit. She continued its use, and after taking five bottles her rheumatism was practically cured. Her appetite returned, her pains disappeared, she was again able to walk without lameness, her general health was restored, and she was able to attend school and to play like other children."

Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, is the prescription and discovery of the well-known Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th Street, New York City, who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic complaints, and he can be consulted in any case, free of charge, personally or by letter.

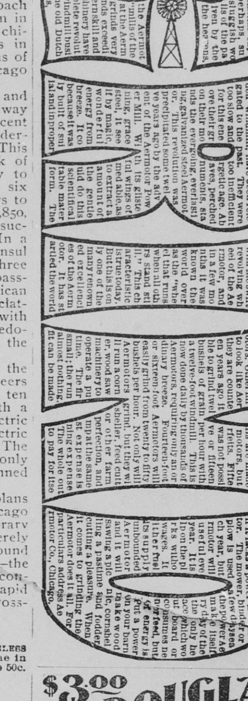
Rapid Transit Problem.

That underground electric traction is the ultimate solution of the rapid transit problem in the larger cities of this country and Europe has long been apparent to engineers. The recent subway plans suggested by President Roach as a solution of the traction problem in this city, while deemed somewhat chimerical by many, are nevertheless in line with modern progress in systems of urban transportation, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

Fresh interest in the practicability and economy of underground street railway transportation is stimulated by recent reports from the success of the underground electric railway in London. This line, which extends from the Bank of England in the center of the city to Shepherd's Bush, a distance of six miles, and which required four years to construct and an outlay of $17,032,850, was opened on July 30 last. Its success was immediate and notable. In a letter to the state department Consul General Osborne writes that in three days the road was used by 260,000 passengers. The road has many American innovations, which are greatly appreciated by Londoners. It is equipped with luxurious vestibule cars and 28 topedo-shaped engines, which were built in the United States.

So great has been the success of the underground electric that engineers freely make the prediction that in ten years London will be supplied with a vast network of underground, electric railways, with a grand belt of electric lines encircling the metropolis. The new system, it is claimed, has not only emptied the omnibuses, but has thinned out the crowds on the pavement.

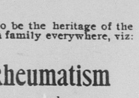
There is little doubt that any plans affecting the surface lines in Chicago and New York are only temporary makeshifts to be regarded as merely preliminary to the final underground solution of the traction problem—the only solution that will relieve the congestion in the streets and give rapid transit by doing away with street crossings.



The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Shore Sinking, Sea Encroaching.

That the shore of the Gulf upon which Galveston is situated is gradually sinking is a fact which cannot be disregarded. A city which has an elevation of only 12 feet at most cannot last long even with a subsidence of one to two feet in a century. Direct evidence of the general sinking of the Atlantic coast is given by the configuration of the land. Even the historical record shows that, though imperceptible in a single year, the advance of the sea is considerable when decades are compared and enormous when measured by centuries.—New York Post.



Two Big Pains

seem to be the heritage of the human family everywhere, viz:

Rheumatism and **Neuralgia**

but there is one sure and prompt cure for both, viz:

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Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

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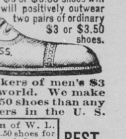
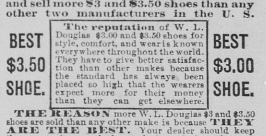
If you have been paying $4 to $5 for shoes, a trial of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will convince you that they are just as good in every way and cost from $1 to $1.50 less. Over 1,000,000 wearers.





One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE.	The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.	BEST $3.00 SHOE.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because **THEY ARE THE BEST.** Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. **Take no substitute!** Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. *Catalogue Free.*
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.

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